



Gordon
Craig's
Book

of

PENNY TOYS.

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Gordon Craig's BOOK OF PENNY TOYS.

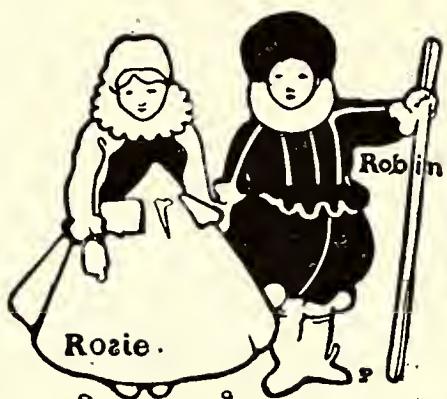


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❖ W O R D S . ❖



WOODEN TOYS ARE FAR MORE INTERESTING THAN THOSE MADE OF METAL, HAVING MORE EXPRESSION, MORE COLOUR AND MORE EVERYTHING ELSE INTO THE BARGAIN. THEY ARE PERFECT THINGS IN THEIR WAY—HUMOROUS, DELIGHTFUL, AND THE

older they are (the earlier made) the better the make. For instance, the "Monkey on a Stick," good as he is, is but a descendant from the "Admiral on a Stick," or one can call him "Nelson attempting to mount his Column in Trafalgar Square." A long name, but to the point. This toy I take to have been originally made about 1799, but age, honour, and beauty are of little account in the shop of the toy-seller. When I bought my Admiral, I asked for his name, and was told they called him "White Monkey"—that never could have been the name in 1799—perhaps it was "Lord Nelson." Another fine toy is what I know as "The Oilcake Crusher"—a toy of red, black, and white wood. A little man, with hat on head, turns a handle (when you turn another handle) and makes several heavy, organ-pipe like beams rise and fall. The fall crushes the cake—or rather, that is their intention. ❖ It took a great artist to dream this toy, and a great craftsman to make it. It is as intricate in plot as are the stories by Dumas (Papa). Then there are the expressionistic toys, the noisy toys, and so on, each one as clever as it can stick. ❖ The four roundabout horses must be difficult to make. They are certainly difficult to beat. ❖ ❖ ❖

I call them "The Three Musketeers and D'Artagnan." Are they not "One for all, all for one"—one penny? With but the tiniest space between the horses, and fixed on a flat circular piece of wood, above them a triumphal arch, they revolve, chasing each other round a pole, never satisfied, for ever moving as one man to the sound of Moorish music, which rises from beneath their feet. ♫ In all these toys, search how you may, you'll find no suspicion of anything that is fearful. The Little Duck seems to have no care for the approaching Spring, and the Cock does not cry at the sight of the Sun. The Dog, all patience, refuses to beg, and the tail of the Peacock is carefully clipped lest it trail in the dust or the dew. In fact, in every way the penny wooden toy is as superior to a sixpenny metal one, as the Wooden Warship "Victory" is to H.M.S. "Horrible"—Ironclad. ♫ ♫ ♫ ♫
In an old cupboard, behind the little panes of glass, they look far more beautiful than most china, and a mass of them make a blaze of colour not to be beaten. It is difficult to get an "Oilcake Crusher" or an "Admiral" now-a-days. I believe these might be labelled "out of print." ♫ The games to be played with these toys are without an end. Five shillings will buy 60 toys at least. Sixty toys flashing brilliantly on a white cloth after tea, with a couple of excitable children opposite you, and you may taste the dearest joy of life. You have material enough there to invent tale upon tale. If you want to witness wars and masques, exciting chases and adventures, call for the favourite doll in the house and let him or her buy a ticket and sail to the place where the fiercest lions and the gentlest birds (the one as big as the other) are browsing

on the tablecloth. ♫ "The Arabian Nights," "The House that Jack built," "The Creation," "The Flood," all these plays and mystery can be performed by the actors in "The Penny Toy Company." But the babies will invent the best plays; all you have to do is to catch on at their ideas and illustrate them. ♫

AND YOU THERE—YOU RASCALS OF CHILDREN—WHEN YOU GET THE TOYS YOU WON'T WANT THIS BOOK OF THEIR PORTRAITS—YOU'LL USE THE BLANK PAGES, ON WHICH YOU'LL DRAW YOUR OWN IDEAS. AND THAT'S ALL THE THANKS I SHALL GET FOR MAKING YOU THE BOOK. ANYHOW, HERE'S MY VERY BEST LOVE TO YOU. ♫ ♫ ♫ ♫ ♫

The verses in this book are by E. C., S. D., E. A., J. D., G. C., and O. B., to whom my thanks are due. ♫

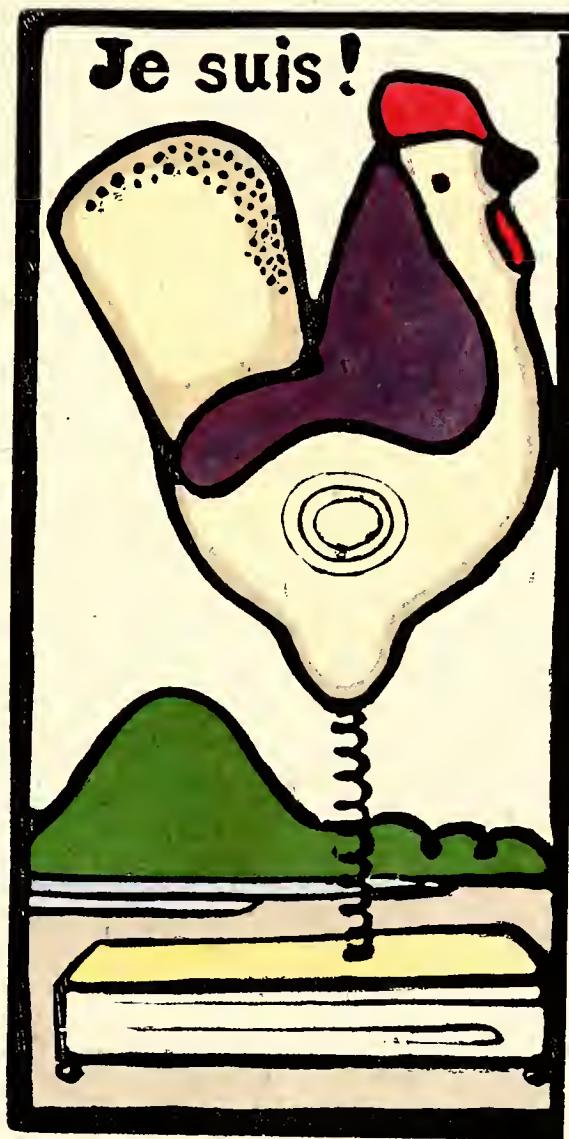




T H E C O C K.

**I'm made of wire
Up to the knee,
Paper up higher—
Je suis !
Full of importance,—
Child if you'd be
Worth one and fourpence
Imitate me.**

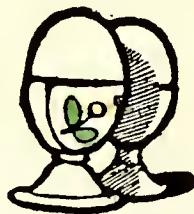


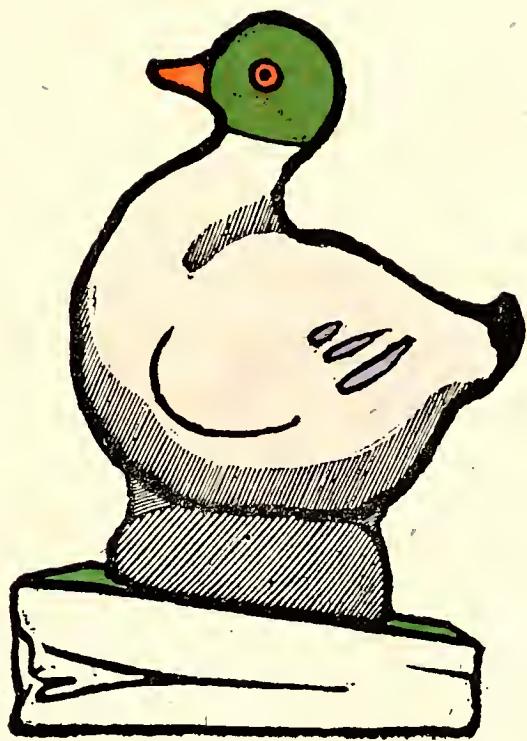


B

T H E D U C K.

**Oh ! I am a duck,
A regular duck,
In a kind of irregular way ;
The thing I do best
Is to sit on a nest,
So I sit on one every day.**





THE OILCAKE CRUSHER.

**The little man beside it stands,
And works the handle with his hands.
The Oilcake, all in huge great lumps,
Is broken up by heavy thumps.
It's not for boys and girls to eat,
But animals think it a treat.
The spiky roller high will haul
Those teethlike things, then let them fall.
And thus the cake by heavy bumps
Is broken up in little lumps.**



Oil cake Crushers



THE PEACOCK.

**The Peacock says,
It's all my eye,
To brag about
A Peacock Pie :**

(First catch me, Biffins).

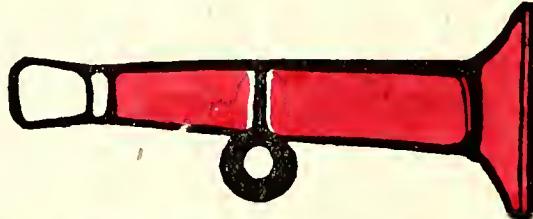




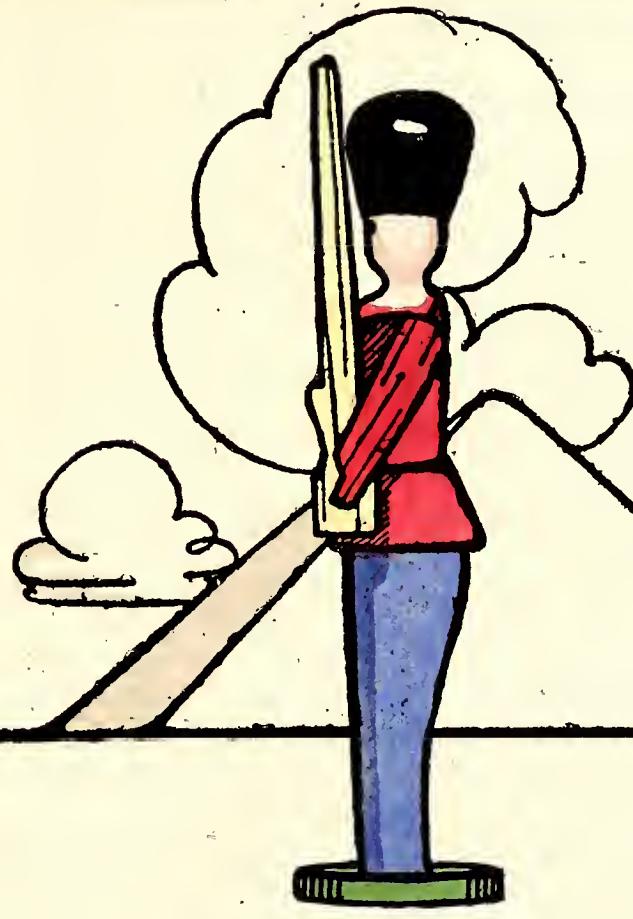
.The Peacock

BIFFINS.

**I may be a hero,
I may be a lark ;
But I wish I were back again
Safe in the Park.
That Peacock I see,
With the numerous eyes,
Although pretty, may be
One of thing-a-my's spies.**



Beware pretty things !

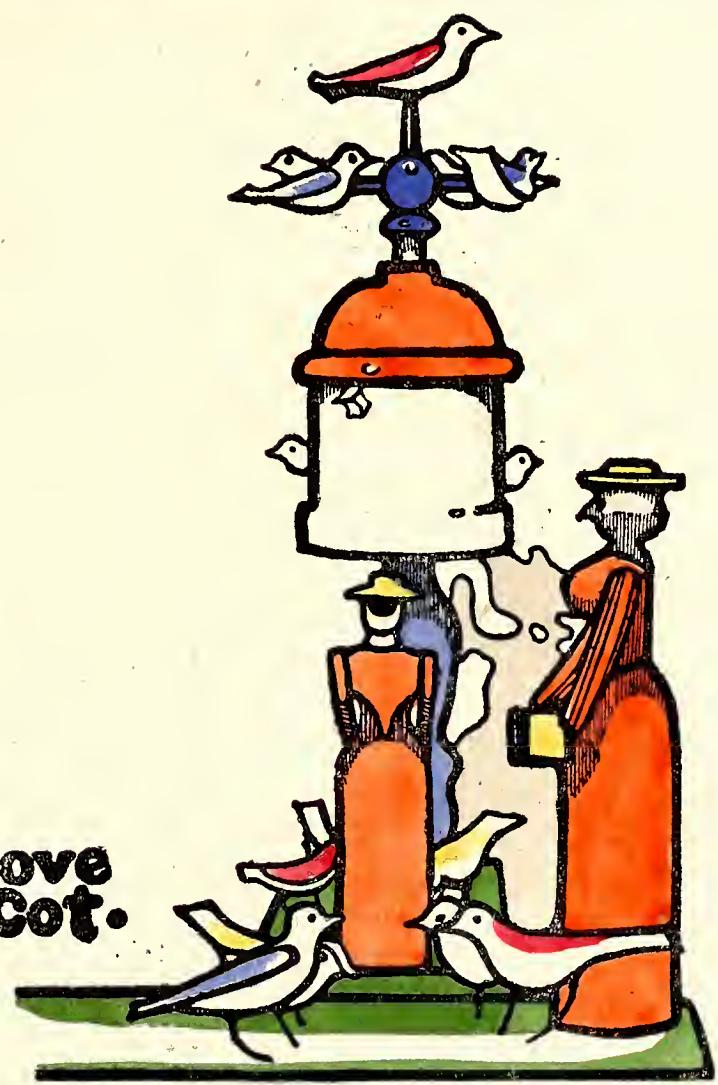


Biffins !

THE DOVE COT.

This lovely toy, I greatly fear,
Has no business to be here.
It was twopence when 'twas new
Doves caught cold & couldn't coo
What on earth were they to do?
"Man," I said, "I so adore it,
I will give a penny for it."





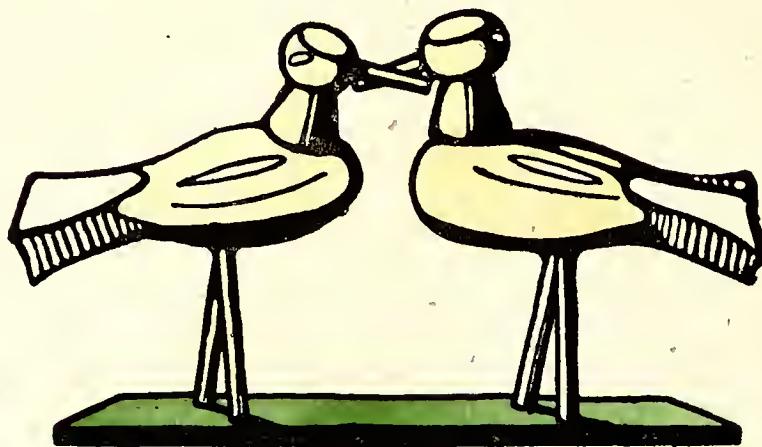
Dove
Cot.

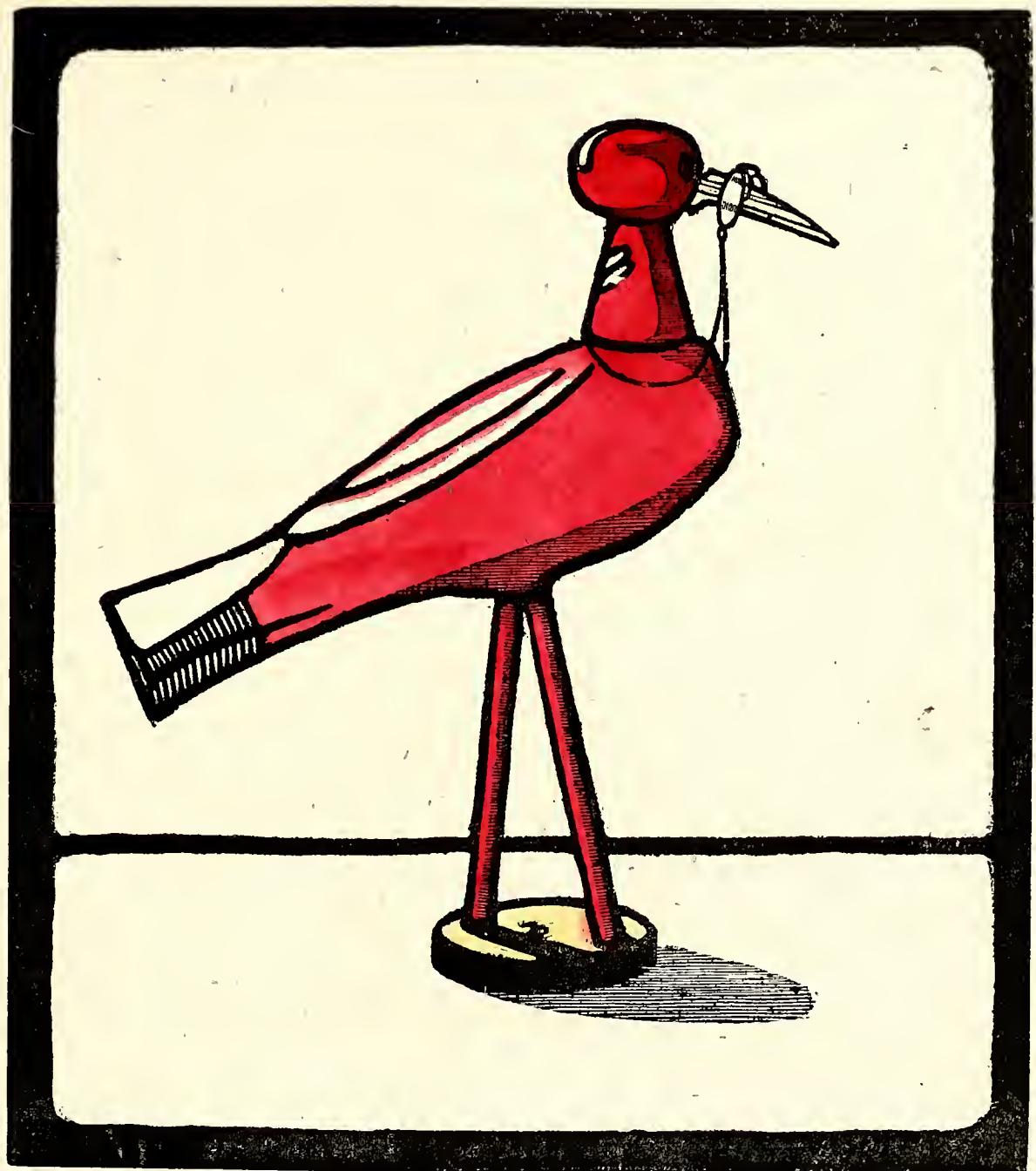
THE BEAUTIFUL BIRD.

**Oh ! Beautiful bird,
In the crimson frock,
You're not so plump
As the Penny Cock.**



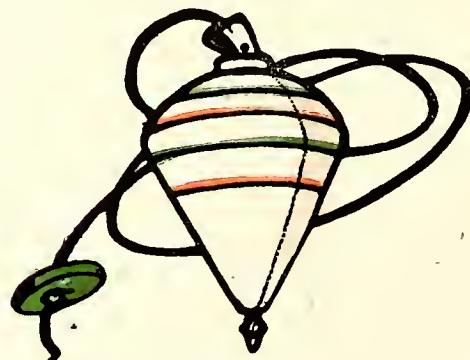
**But after all, if he were thinner,
He'd run less risk of being dinner.**

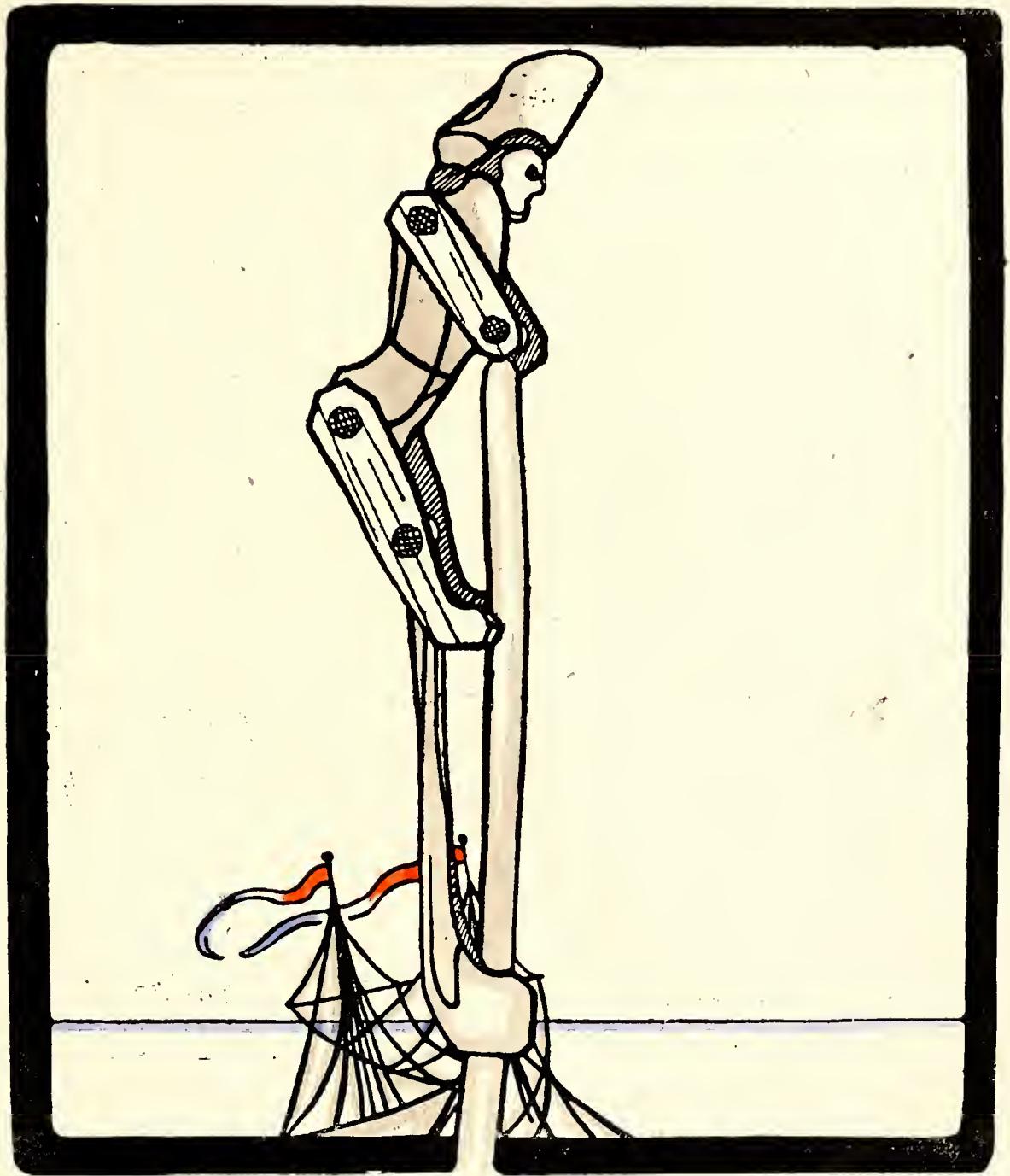




THE ADMIRAL.

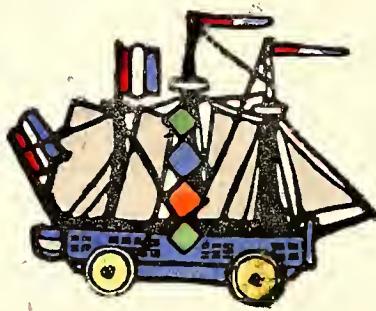
**Is the battle lost?
Is the battle won?
Decide for yourselves,
But throw me a bun.**

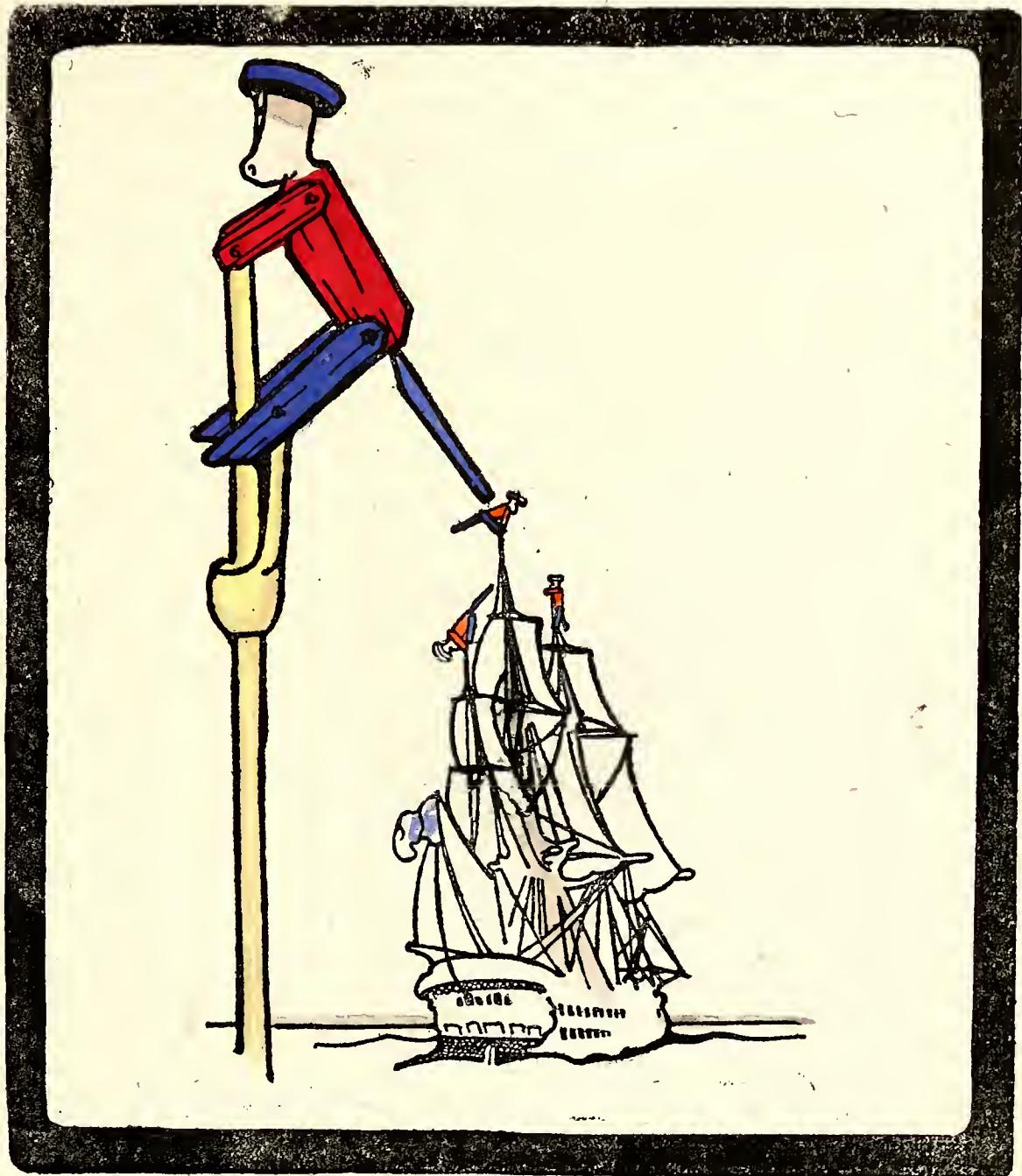




THE POWDER MONKEY.

**The Powder Monkey on the Ship
Can rise and dip :
In fact, do anything,
But slip.**

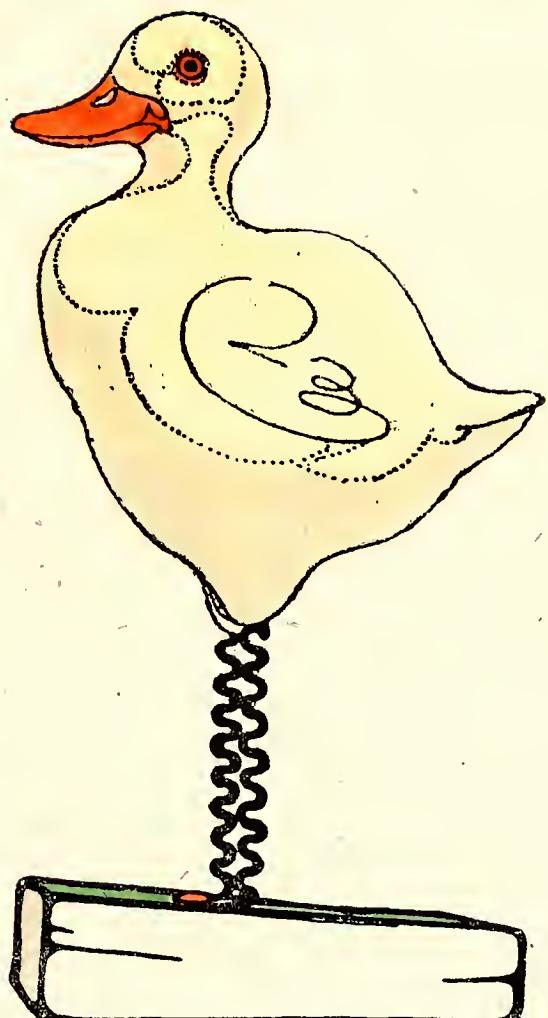




DUCKLING.

**Oh ! I am a duck,
Some call me a daisy ;
It's rather hard luck,
For I am a Duck,
And protest with a cluck
That I think they are crazy.
Oh ! I am a duck,
Some call me a daisy.**

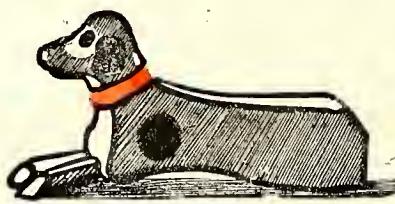


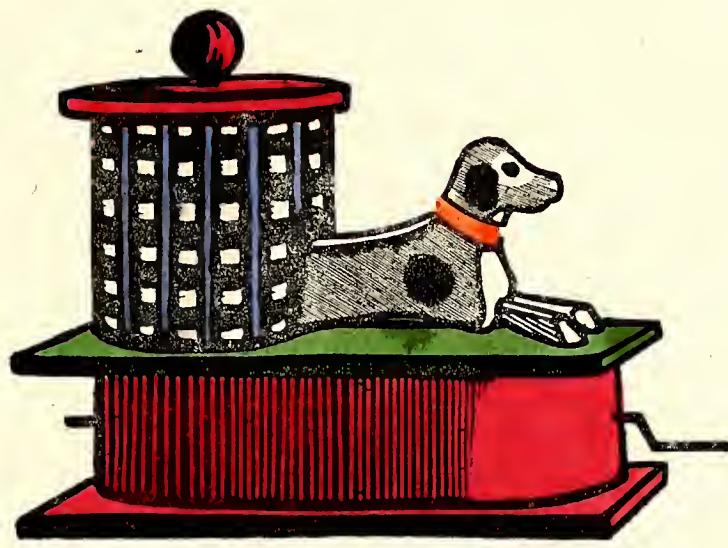


G O O D D O G T R A Y.

**I'm not a disagreeable hound
But if you turn the handle round,
I make a harsh, peculiar sound.**

**The reason is not hard to find,
Although I'm treated very kind,
They've gone and cut me off behind.**



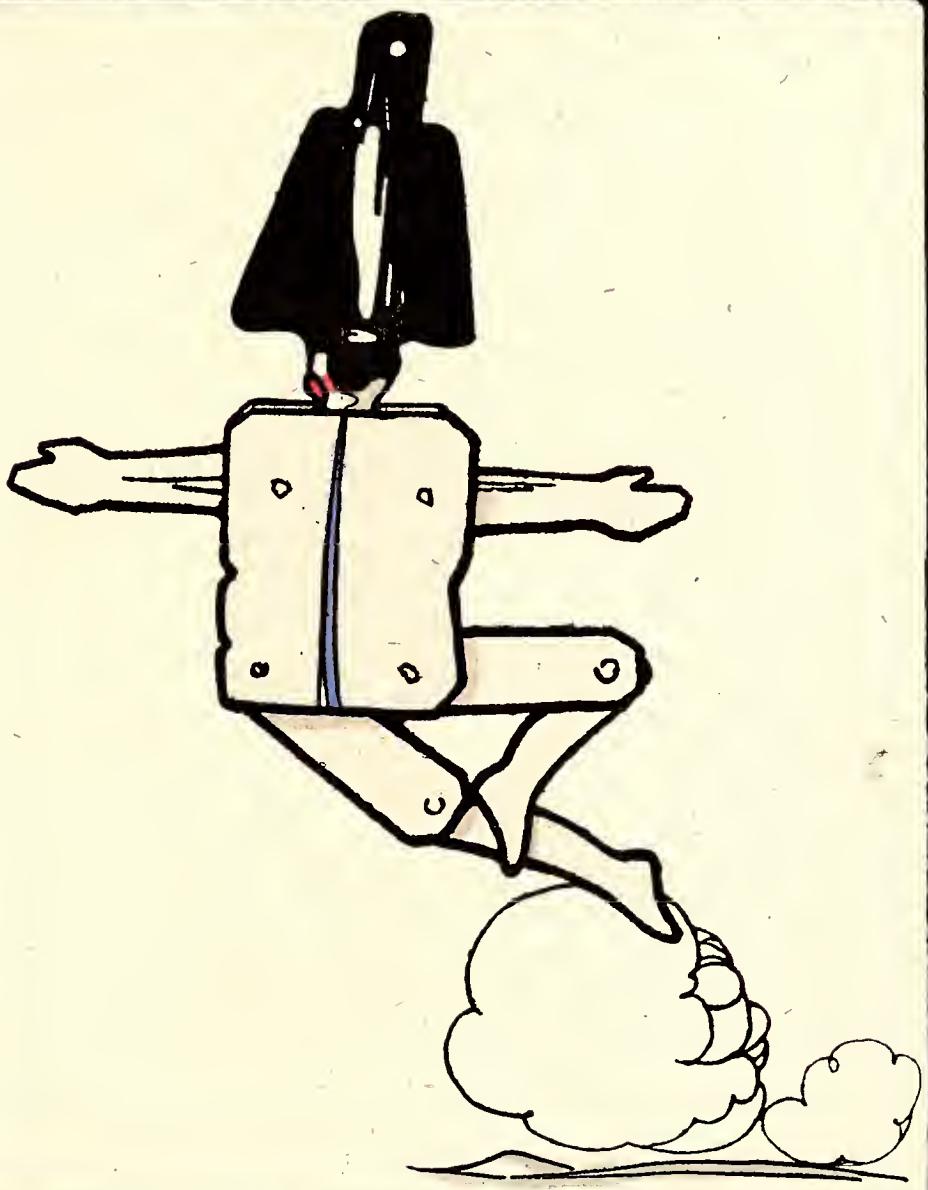


Good Dog Tray.

HARLEQUIN.

**He thinks he's a bird,
But I know that he's not:
The idea is absurd
To think he's a bird.
The fact is I've heard
He's right off his dot:
He thinks he's a bird,
But I know that he's not.**

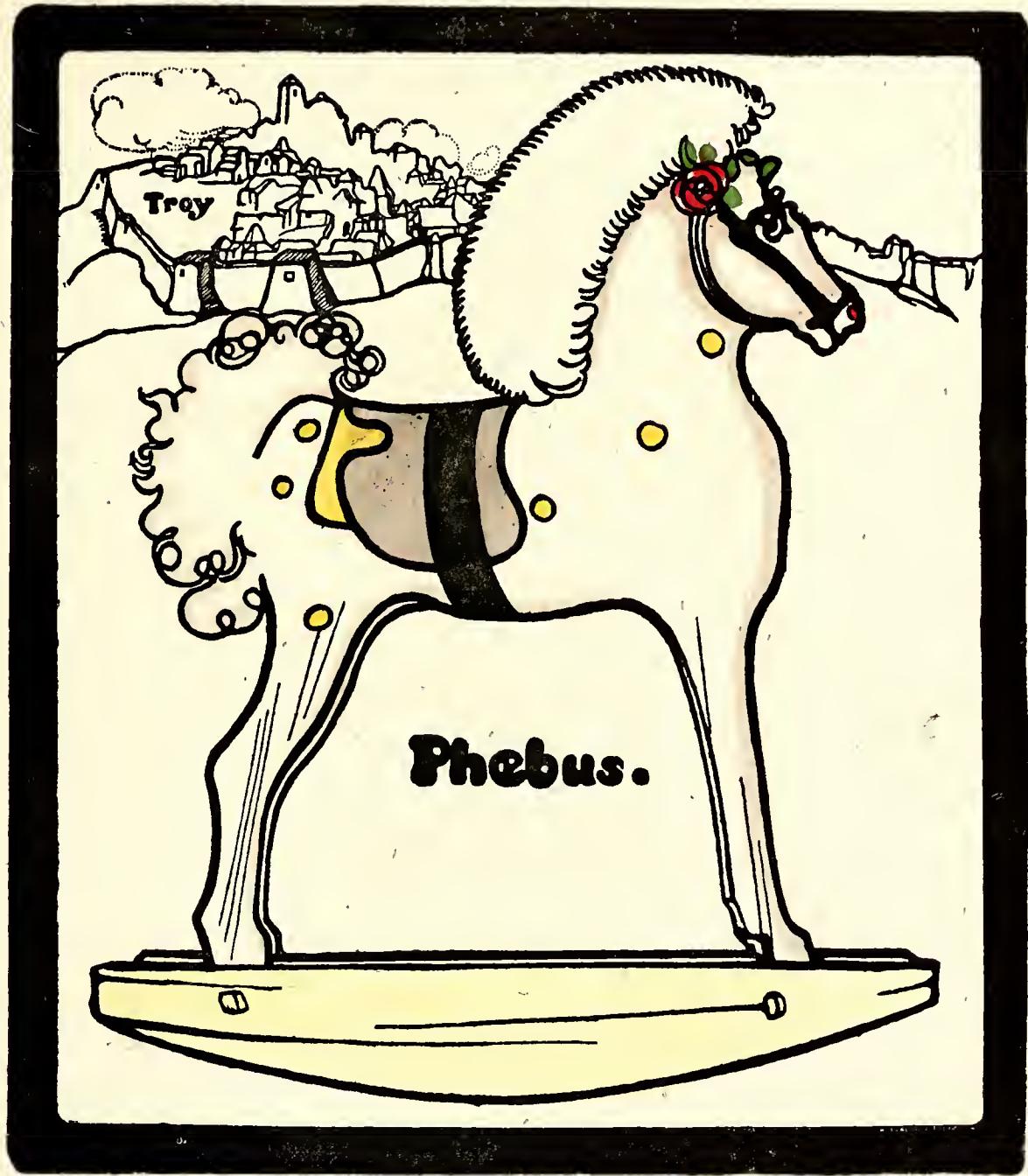




P H Ⓛ B U S.

**I am a Penny Pony,
Very like the Troy one,
Made of wood,
Misunderstood,
Buy your little boy one.**





Phœbus.

H

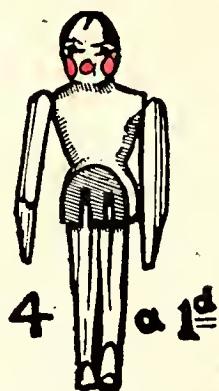
BIRD OF A FEATHER.

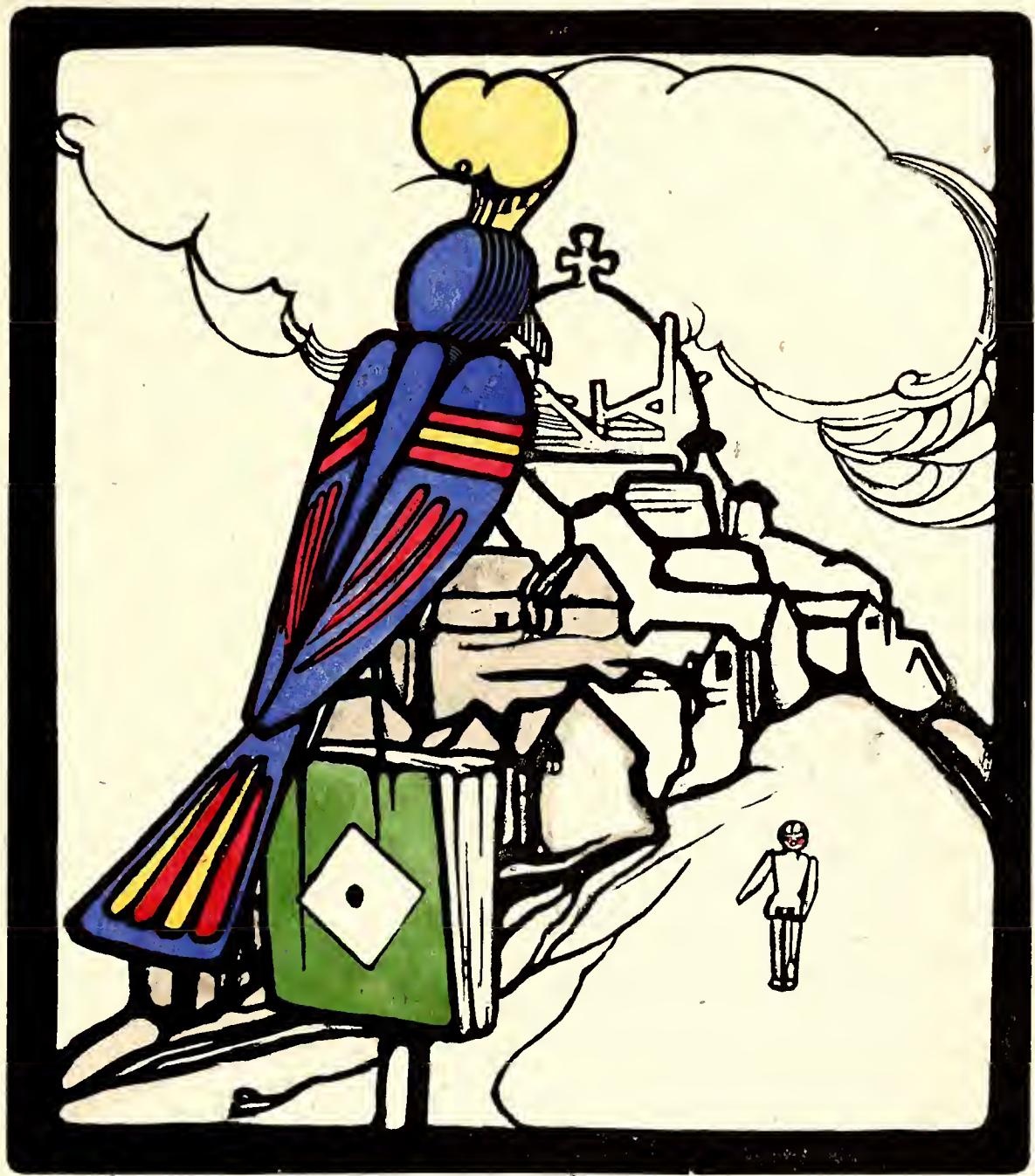
**I never heard of a bird like you,
I never saw such a town,
It may be queer,
But it's my idea,**

You're a creature of some renown.

**Yes ! I am the “Bird of a Feather,”
And I live in the town on the rock.**

**I have friends I adore,
All a penny—no more,
The horse and the dog and the cock.**





THE SIGNAL MAN.

PART ONE.

**It was the Station Master's plan
To use a Penny Signal Man,
And every time a train came near
He'd wave about his hands in fear.**

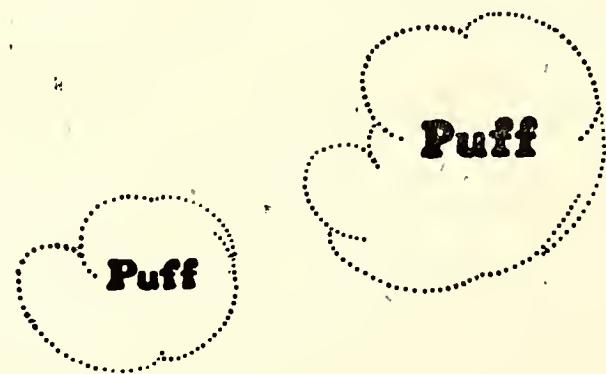


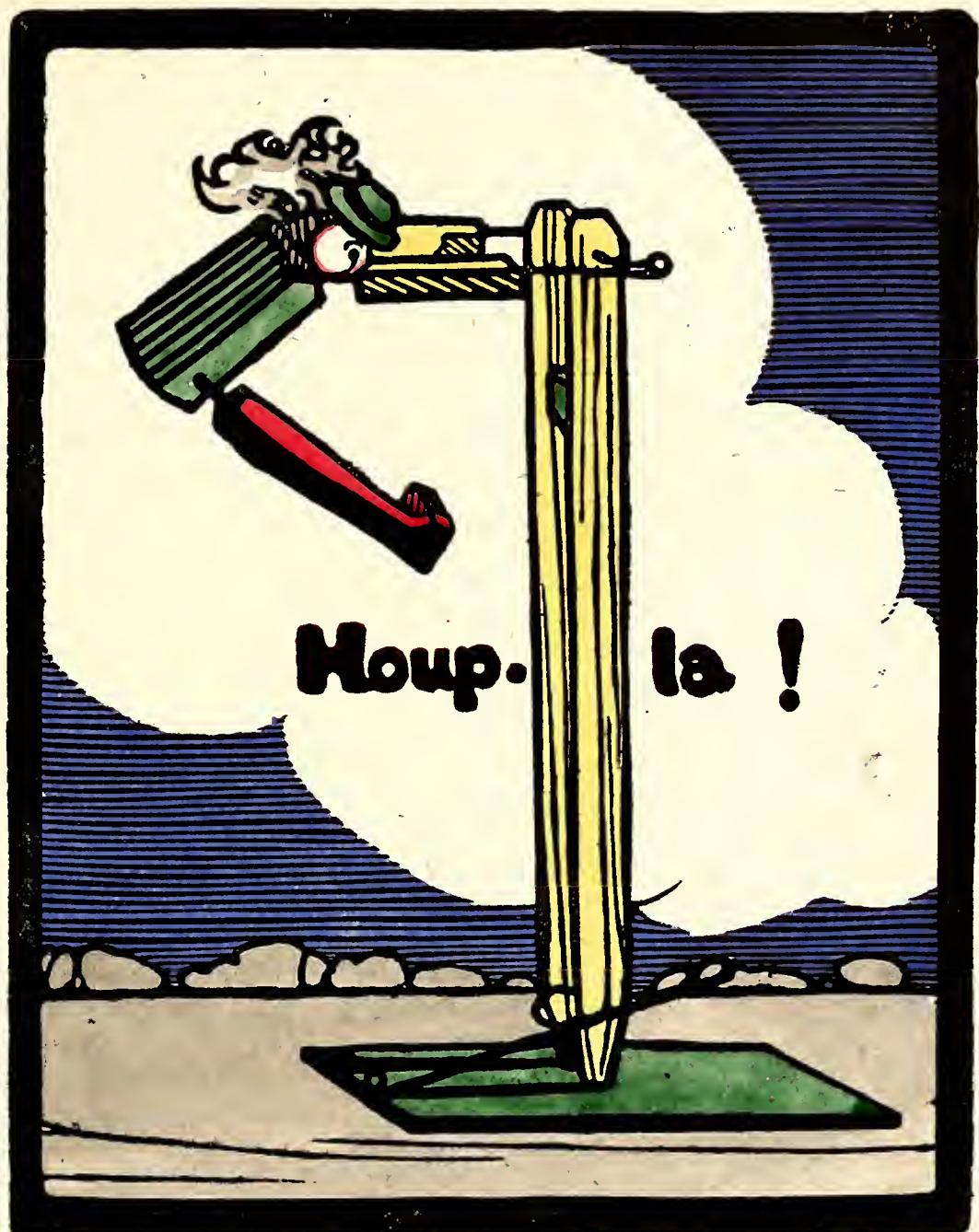


THE SIGNAL MAN.

PART TWO.

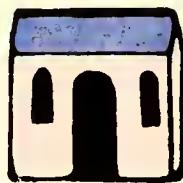
**The train once past without a fault
He turns a perfect somersault.**

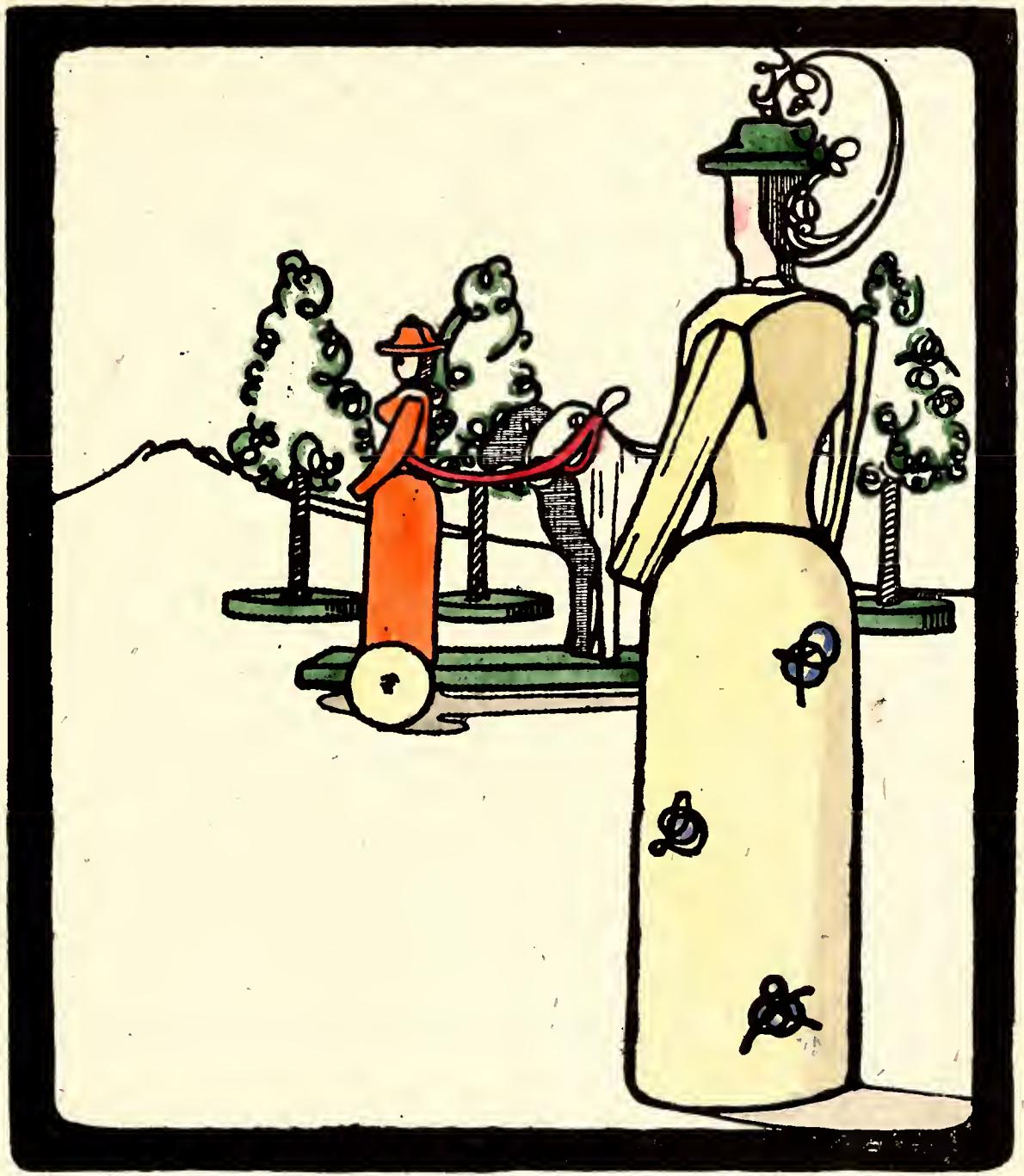




M A R Y.

**Penny mountain, penny trees,
Penny sheep and penny she's!
The lady on the penny tram
Is Mary with her penny lamb.**





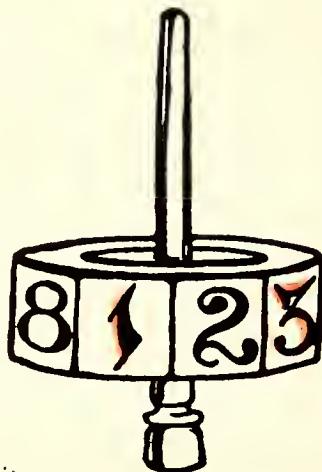
K

THE BAD BOY.

**What's the good of dancing ?
What's the use of springs ?
What's the good of anything,
Or any other things ?**

THE GOOD GIRL.

**Oh dancing is so good for you,
It lubricates the brain ;
I like the lemon ices too,
And the silver sugar-cane.
A norty wicked boy are you,
Don't say such things again.**



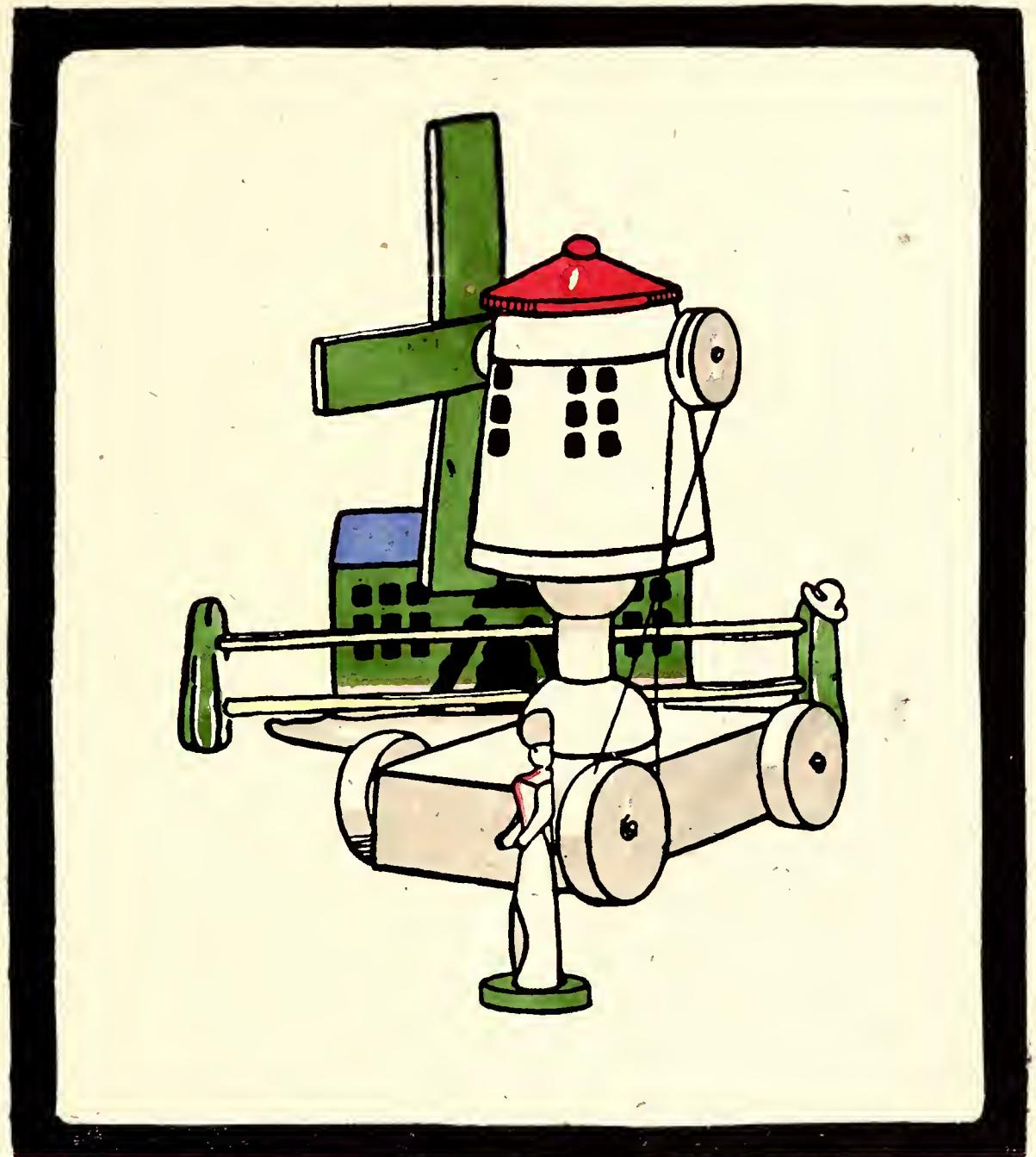


Dancers.

T H E M I L L.

**It is the miller's daughter,
The miller's in the mill ;
How lucky to have caught her
When she was standing still.
She says her father's well to-day,
But she is very ill.**





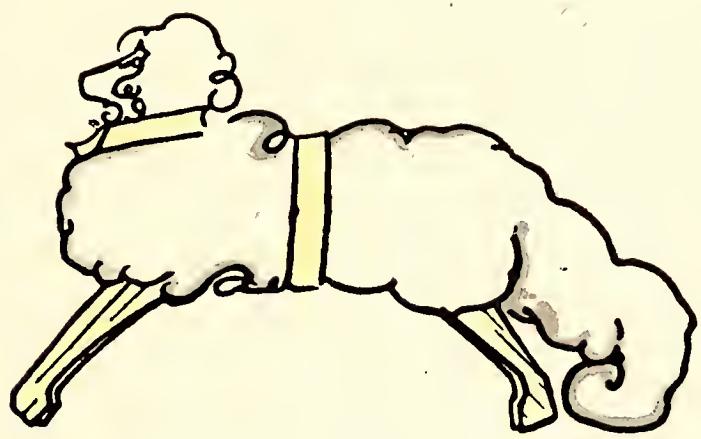
L

THE LAMB.

**Little Lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead ;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly bright ;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice ?
Little Lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?**

WILLIAM BLAKE.











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